"Read read. Something will stay in the mind."
—ARCHDEACON FARRAR.

THE RED MOUSE

WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

EDEN PHILLPOTTS, Author of "The Three Brothers".

The Story of My Life. by Ellen Terry. Illustrated. The McClure Co., New York City, and the J. K. Gill Co., Portland.

In many respects this handsome-looking volume of 407 pages is one of the most remarkable examples of stage autobiography ever published, remarkable for its naturalness and originality, and behind the scenes peeps into the lives of the kings and queens beyond the footlights. It is also a faithful mirror of their faults, failings and virtues. Think of it! An intimate talk with a great star who has been more than 50 years on the stage, and associated for a memorable period with Henry Irving. Such a writer has something to tell about it. Miss Terry complains of her bad memory and lack of skill in writing, but in reality she has remembered so much that she must have a good memory, and shows that she is not only an entertaining but a brilliant writer.

For various periods during the last 15 years these memoirs of Miss Terry have been given in serial form to us, and it is rare good fortune to find these at last grouped into one conveniently arranged volume.

Miss Terry courageously admits that she was born at Coventry, Warwickshire, England, February 27, 1848, in Shakespeare's own county. Her father was an actor and her mother an actress, and they had 11 children, Ellen being the third child of the family. One sister, Kate Terry, lived to be an actress of enduring reputation. Ellen Terry's first recollections are those of Glasgow, Scotland, where her parents were members of a stock company. When she was a very small child, somewhere under 8 years of age, a little girl was wanted for the Spirit of the Mustard Pot, in an old-fashioned pantomime, and Ellen Terry's father offered his daughter's services. The family was excited at the thought of Ellen's first professional appearance, but when the stage manager and her father tried to place her into the mustard pot, she "yelled lustily and showed more lung power than aptitude for the stage."

"Put your child into the mustard pot, Mr. Terry," ordered the stage manager.

"D——n you and your mustard pot, sir," said the mortified father, "I won't frighten my child for you or any one else!"

It is related that in the privacy of the Terry home Mr. Terry declared that Ellen would never make an actress. How much was he mistaken in his estimate!

Ellen Terry's first bona-fide appearance on the professional stage was in the year 1856, when she was associated with Charles Kean in "The Winter's Tale." Then she became known as a successful child actress, one of her useful attributes at this time being her unusually distinct, easily heard articulation. Mrs. Kean gave the eager little girl valuable lessons in elocution.

"A, E, I, O, U, my dear," Mrs. Kean used to say, "are five distinct vowels. So don't mix them all up together, as if you were making a pudding. If you want to say: 'I am going on the river,' say it plainly and don't tell us you are going on the 'rivah.' You must say 'hor,' not 'har.' It's 'God,' not 'Gud,' 'remonstrance,' not 'remunstrance.'"

Miss Terry briefly refers to her first unfortunate marriage to George Frederick Watts, the celebrated painter, a man old enough to be her father, and tells of their subsequent separation. Here is a picture of her life at this period:

I sat shrinking and timid in a corner—the girl-wife of a famous painter. I was, if anything at all, more of a curiosity, of a sideshow, than hostess to these distinguished visitors. Mr. Gladstone seemed to me like a suppressed volcano. His face was pale and calm, but the calm was the calm of the gray crust of Aetna. To look into the piercing dark eyes was like having a glimpse into the red-hot crater beneath. Years later, when I met him again at the Lyceum and became better acquainted with him this impression of a volcano at rest again struck me. Of Disraeli I carried away even a scantier impression. I remember that he wore a blue tie, a brighter blue than most men would dare to wear, and that his straggling curls shook as he walked. He looked the great Jew before everything.

I love Disraeli's novels—like his tie, brighter in color than anyone else's. It was "Venetia" which first made me see the real Lord Byron, the real Lady Byron, too. In "Tancred" I recall a description of a family of strolling players which seems to me more like the real thing than anything else of the kind in fiction. It is strange that Dizzy's novels should be neglected. Can any one with a pictorial sense fail to be delighted by their pageantry? Disraeli was a heaven-born artist, who, like so many of his race, on the stage, in music, and elsewhere, seems to have had an unerring instinct for the things which the Gentile only acquires by labor and training. The world he shows us in his novels is big and swelling, but only to a hasty judgment is it hollow.

Tennyson was more to me than a magic-lantern shape, flitting across the blank of my young experience, never to return. The first time I saw him he was sitting at the table in his library, and Mrs. Tennyson, her very slender hands hidden by thick gloves, was standing on a step-ladder handing him down some heavy books. She was very frail, and looked like a faint tea-rose. After that one time I only remember her lying on a sofa.

In the evening I went walking with Tennyson over the fields, and he would point out to me the difference in the flight of different birds, and tell me to watch their solid phalanxes turning against the sunset the compact wedge suddenly narrowing sharply into a thin line. He taught me to recognize the barks of trees and to call wild flowers by their names. He picked me the first bit of pimpernel I ever noticed. Always I was quite at ease with him. He was so wonderfully simple.

A hat that I wore at Freshwater suddenly consented to my remembrance. It was a brown straw mushroom with a dull red feather around it. It was tied under my chin, and I still had my hair down.

It was easy enough to believe that Tennyson was a poet. He showed it in everything, although he was entirely free from any assumption of the poetical role.

"Most inaccurate," says Miss Terry in disposing of many stories to the effect that Henry Irving remarked the genius in Ellen Terry on the occasion of their first professional appearance together, in 1868. On this occasion she was the Katherine and he the Petruchio:

In view of these legends, I ought to say all the more stoutly that, until I went to the Lyceum Theater, Henry Irving was nothing to me and I was nothing to him. I never consciously thought that he would become a great actor. He had no high opinion of my acting! He has said since that he thought me at the Queen's Theater charming and individual as a woman, but as an actress hoydenish! I believe that he hardly spared me even so much definite thought as this. His soul was not more surely in his body than in the theater, and I, a woman who was at this time caring more about love and life than the theater, must have been to him more or less unsympathetic. He thought of nothing else; cared for nothing else; worked day and night; went without his dinner to buy a book that might be helpful in studying, or a stage jewel that might be helpful to wear.

As for Miss Terry's first impressions of Henry Irving—they are not flattering: "Henry Irving at first had everything against him as an actor. He could not speak, he could not walk, he could not look. He wanted to do things in a part, and he could not do them. His amazing power was imprisoned, and only after long and weary years did he succeed in setting it free."

Further on Miss Terry writes: "Mr. Irving was an egotist of the great type, and all his faults sprang from egotism, which in one sense, after all, is only another name for greatness. I never heard him speak in high terms of the great foreign actors and actresses who from time to time visited England. He simply would not give himself up to appreciation. It was never a pleasure to him to see the acting of other actors and actresses. All the same, Salvini's Othello I know he thought magnificent, but he would not speak of it." But it must not be assumed that Miss Terry's attitude against Irving is one of cold criticism. These are only her moments of dissection. It is more agreeable to turn to her Henry Irving worship.

Events connected with the various visits to this country of Miss Terry and Mr. Irving are well known. The book fairly sparkles with anecdotes, opinions, criticisms, unconscious history about the famous ones of our race and generation, and these form a rare literary jewel.

The Red Mouse. by William Hamilton Osborne. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York City and The J. K. Gill Co., Portland.

A cure for bad millionaires and—mystery upon mystery—showing a dishonest way to keep honest. A boldly drawn novel of life in New York City, dealing with the idle-rich, ward politics, lawyers, gambling, making a United States Senator and the steadfastness of woman's love. And pulsing with a sort of live-wire interest, the kind you can't very well let go.

Mr. Osborne is a New York lawyer and he knows, presumably, his subject. The opening scene concerns James Lawrence Challoner, a young society drunkard who had married a girl principally because she had nearly $1,000,000 of money in her own right. The reader is at once introduced to the dissipations of Cradlebaugh's, gambling house, a resort which is shown to exist unmolested through graft paid to the police and the "organization." Its real proprietor is Graham Thorne, lawyer, although he keeps that fact in the background. Thorne's political ally is Peter Broderick, chairman of the county committee, and opposed to them in the political organization is William Murgatroyd, prosecutor of the common pleas, a sort of District Attorney Jerome.

Bad-Young-Man Challoner has a weakness for Miss Letty Love, a vaudeville performer, but has a rival in Colonel Richard Hargraves, by appointment. Hargraves and Challoner meet in room A at Cradlebaugh's gambling resort, and the Colonel is known to carry around $10,000, but the two men quarrel in the card game that follows. Challoner fires at his rival, who is afterward found dead, shot through the heart. A club servant named Pemmican carries the body outside the club premises. Challoner is arrested and tried for murder, the prosecuting officer being Murgatroyd, who loves Miss Shirley Bloodgood, an ambitious, worldly girl. Mrs. Challoner approaches Murgatroyd and offers him a bribe of $100,000 if he will eventually set free her husband, but the wily lawyer asks all that the woman possesses, which is $868,000. This sum is handed him in securities, but, to the wife's surprise, Murgatroyd pushes the case against her husband and the latter is convicted of murder in the first degree.

A charge of having accepted a bribe is made against Murgatroyd, but he brings his oratory into play, denies the charge and this particular part of the case is hushed up. But Challoner is mysteriously released from prison and it is given out that Pemmican has killed himself. The Challoners again live together and one regretfully assumes that Challoner, who beats his wife, is going to be a reprobate to the end; but he repents, becomes suddenly sober and blossoms as an "honest" contractor in concrete work. Miss Shirley Bloodgood calls on Mrs. Challoner and says:

"I wish I were happily married. It's the only life for a woman."

"Yes. You are right," asserted Mrs. Challoner, joyously.

"I have always taken the keenest interest in the romances of others, but I want something more than a mere vicarious interest in romances—marriage. I'm a marrying woman," declared the girl, "and I dread the thought of being an old maid."

"And yet they say that they're the happiest women. . . . "

"Oh, but a real woman is one who has a husband and children." Shirley stretched forth her arms, as though to grasp all life within them, "children to bring up, to wipe their noses and dress them for school and to hear them say their prayers at night. That's life! It isn't pride with me. It's instinct."

Murgatroyd tries to be elected United States Senator for New York, but finds that Assemblymen's votes can be bought for the market price of $25,000 each. One legislator demands $540,000. Murgatroyd, however, appeals to the people and is elected Senator. How does he tame and cure Millionaire Challoner and prove that the latter didn't kill Hargraves? Read the novel, my friend. It's all there.

Why the title, "The Red Mouse?" Recall these lines of Goethe:

Mephistopheles:
Wherefore foreskalest thou the lovely maiden
That in the forest so sweetly sang?
Faust:
Ah! In the midst of it there sprang
A red mouse from her mouth—sufficient reason.

Comrades. by Thomas Dixon, Jr. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York City.

Mr. Dixon is nothing if he isn't sensational. "Comrades" laughingly ridicules Socialism. A Socialistic community is organized on the Island of Ventura, off the coast of Southern California, where Socialism begins, only to sink in failure, principally because the "comrades" won't work at manual labor occupations, and also because one traitor becomes dictator and starts Communism. A novel of riotous imagination.

The Spiritual Significance of Modern Socialism. by John Spargo. 50 cents. B. W. Huebsch, New York City.

"The torch which all the prophets from Moses to Jesus bore aloft is today being borne onward by Socialist agitators." This quotation explains the character of this thoughtful book, which places the church on one side and religion with Socialism as its protagonist on the other. Mr. Spargo is uncommonly aggressive.

Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. by Frances Boyd Calhoun. Illustrated. $1. The Reilly & Britton Co., Chicago.

A little boy reared among Southern mammies is sent to his Aunt Minerva to be brought up as her own, and she persists in rearing him as if he were a little girl. Fun? Yes. The story has the Mrs. Wiggs' touch.

Simeon Tetlow's Shadow. by Jennetta Lee. $1.50. The Century Co., New York City.

John Bennett is Jonathan to Simeon Tetlow's David, and the railroad story that follows is full of delightful surprises, mixed with honest work and contagious sentiment.

The Bomb. by Frank Harris. $1.50. Mitchell Kennerley, New York City.

A powerfully drawn but ill-balanced novel describing the Haymarket riot in Chicago in 1886, when an Anarchist threw a bomb which killed and wounded a number of policemen. The tale, which is told by Rudolph Schnaubelt, the man who is said to have thrown the bomb, should not be placed in young people's hands, because it is unfit.

Open House. by Juliet Wilbur Tompkins. $1.50. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York City.

It was Beatrice Harraden who, chief among modern novelists of the younger school, became known for the lugubrious solemnity of the medical idea she injected into her fiction of "Ships That Pass in the Night" description. It was a novel which even professional mourners, undertakers, etc., viewed with gloomy satisfaction.

Juliet Wilbur Tompkins dallies with this same medical idea in her new novel, "Open House," but bathes it in sunshine, laughter and love. Her vehicle is every-day life at a private sanitorium where there are lots of cranky patients, and the various happenings are described with sparkling, but quiet humor. The sanitorium is the "open house" kept by Dr. Casper Diman, who, we are told, had a marked recemblance to President U. S. Grant. Diman had such a habit of bringing the weak, suffering and unannounced to his home that his sister, Miss Myrtle Diman, who was his housekeeper, was profuse in hypochondriac questionings. Diman was a widower, the great, rambling house he called home having come to him through his wife. It was "her one appreciable contribution to his life, unless a measure of his growth in the way of patience, forbearance and loving-kindness be put down to the credit of the shallow, peevish spirit that called them forth. She might have made a saint of him in time. But, fortunately, she had been taken away after three years, leaving her husband still possessed of a few energetic failings, such as a somewhat arbitrary fashion of making decisions and a suicidal carelessness about money."

His sister's expression was ever that of one who has just heard a distant crash of china, or who smells something burning.

Taken altogether, the Diman household was an extraordinary one. The leading lady was Miss Cassandra Joyce, daughter of a millionaire who, on losing his money, had committed suicide; and it is feared that Dr. Diman was fearful of this new arrival's reception at the hands of his sister.

"Caspar! Is it another nervous prostrate?" Miss Myrtle cried.

"No." He was obviously a little sorry, but not at all afraid of her.

"An inebriate or a morphine fiend?"

"Neither."

"Not St. Vitus's dance again?"

"No, this time it is a handsome and entirely healthy young woman."

In fact, Miss Cassandra Joyce, having been left nearly penniless, found that her heritage of expensive tastes couldn't in themselves enable her to earn her living, and she was thankful to accept a position as office assistant to Dr. Diman at a salary of $20 per month, with board. The other chief actors in the home drama are: Ernest Cunningham, a young professor of botany, whose eyes needed a year's rest; Ann Blossom, who might have been a joyous martyr had she only lived a few centuries earlier; Ronsard, a retired French chef, and Miss Snell, described as a very complex case of neurasthenia. So you see that, after all, the medical idea is predominant.

The Gorgeous Borgia. by Justin Huntley McCarthy. $1.50. Harper & Brothers, New York City.

Mr. McCarthy's newest novel pictures the tyrant Caesar Borgia, Rome's terror in the 15th century, whose life was ruled by cruelty and madness. The story has the majesty of tragedy in it, without one touch of humor.

Bill Trueteil. by George H. Brennan. Illustrated. $1.50. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, Ill.

Pictures theatrical life from an original standpoint in which hard-up days have the lead. Skilfully illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg.

The Eternal Boy. by Owen Johnson. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York City.

One dozen short stories about boys who aren't "aissies," just boys, and these said stories are the very best on the market.

Aline of the Grand Woods. by Nevil G. Henshaw. $1.50. The Outing Publishing Co., New York City.

Louisiana life and the "Cajuns," or Arcadians, have the stage and the result is a novel of remarkable power.

The Actress. by Louise Closser Hale. Illustrated. $1.50. Harper & Brothers, New York City.

Rhoda Miller, actress, is a New York girl who gives up her lover for the stage. An unusual, entertaining story.

A Parable of the Rose and Other Poems. by Lyman Whitney Allen. $1.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City.

About 60 high-class poems bearing the impress of such real poetic merit that they dignify English literature.

JOSEPH M. QUENTIN.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Elusive Pimpernel, by Baroness Orczy; The Pulse of Life, by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes; and Mirage, by E. Temple Thurston, each $1.50. (Dodd-Mead).

The Web of the Golden Spider, by Frederick Orin Bartlett. $1.50. (Small-Maynard.)

The Bridge Builders, by Anna Chapin Ray, $1.50 (Little-Brown).

These books were received for review through the kindness of the J. K. Gill Co., of this city: The Pulse of Life, Mirage, The Elusive Pimpernel, The Eternal Boy, A Parable of the Rose, and Comrades.

THE MAKING OF BOOKS.

The latest addition to the charming Medieval Towns Series is "Pisa," written by Janet Ross and Nelly Erichsen, illustrated by Nellie Erichsen.

* * *

A unique tribute to the value of a novel in fighting the divorce evil, is that of a busy preacher, who, in ordering a number of copies of Miss Zona Gale's "The Loves of Pelleas and Etarre," explained that he kept a drawer in his desk filled or that he may have a copy to present to certain couples whom he marries.

* * *

Eden Philpotts, born at Mount Aboo, India, of English parents, is a novelist of unusual power and ability, indeed, some readers call him the prose Kipling. Why? Because Philpotts is so true to his type of Dartmoor, England. Since the publication in 1893 of "Some Everyday Folks," he has been steadily gaining fame by his novels of Dartmoor peasant life. "The Three Brothers," the newest Philpotts story, places a strong plot, brightened by much genuine humor, against this favorite background. Educated at Plymouth, England, the writer at one time studied for the stage in London but, finding his ambitions in advance of his talents, abandoned the idea. After a period of commercial work he settled down to the steady pursuit of literature, the present work being his 19th successful venture in fiction. "Children of the Mist," "The Portreeve," "The Secret Woman" and "The Mother of the Man" are among his most popular novels.

Books Added to Library

The following books may be examined at the Public Library during this week and will be ready for circulation March 15:

BIOGRAPHY.

Cabot—John and Sebastian Cabot; by F. A. Ober. 1908.

Chaucer—Chaucer and his England; by G. G. Coulton. 1908.

Napoleon I—The military career of Napoleon the Great; by M. B. Gibbs. 1905.

Nightingale—The life of Florence Nightingale; by S. A. Tooley. Ed. 5. 1908.

BOOKS IN FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

Bergesce—Fra Piazza del Popolo.

Castelnuovo—Lauretta.

Christensen—Fiskriske maalemetoder.

Genzardi, comp.—Nuovo metodo teorico-practico per imparare la lingua inglese. Ed. 20.

Gerstacker—Nach Amerika. 2v.

Hovden—Hardhausar.

Jurs—Laesebok i aritmetik og geometri.

Kipling—Havets helte.

Leitgeb—Bedrangte herzen.

Rosa—Satire, liriche, lettere.

Schwartz—Mannen af bord och qvinnan af folket.

Strauss—Ihres vaters tochter.

DESCRIPTION AND TRAVEL.

Burpee—The search for the western sea. 1908.

Cotton—New India. 1904.

Cresson—Persia: the awakening East. 1908.

Jackson—The shores of the Adriatic, the Italian side. 1906.

Lomas—In Spain. 1908.

Mansfield—In the land of the mosques and minarets; by Francis Miltoun (pseud.) 1908.

Norway—Highways and byways in Devon and Cornwall. 1907.

FICTION.

Galsworthy—Villa Rubein.

Inman—Delahoydes; boy life on the old Santa Fe trail.

Madden—Forest friends; the woodland adventures of a boy pioneer.

Oppenheim—The avenger.

Rhodes—The adventures of Charles Edward.

Slosson—Simples from the Master's garden.

FINE ARTS.

Addison—The arts and crafts in the Middle Ages. 1908.

Dow—The theory and practice of teaching art. 1908.

Wagner—On conducting a treatise on style in the execution of classical music. Ed. 2. 1897.

HISTORY.

Beer—British colonial policy. 1754-1765. 1907.

Dutt—England and India; a record of progress during a hundred years, 1757-1857. 1897.

LANGUAGE.

Wessely—New pocket dictionary of the English and French languages. n. d.

Wessely and Girones—Handy dictionary of the English and Spanish languages. n. d.

LITERATURE.

James—Views and reviews. 1908.

MacClintock—Literature in the elementary school. 1908.

Stephens—French novelists of today. 1908.

PHILOSOPHY.

Bigelow—Buddhism and immortality. 1908.

Bruce—Historic ghosts and ghost hunters. 1908.

Higginson—Things worth while. 1908.

RELIGION.

Campbell—Pioneer priests of North America. 1908.

Jenks—The political and social significance of the life and teachings of Jesus. 1908.

SCIENCE.

Chatley—The problem of flight; a textbook of aerial engineering. 1907.

Harrington—About the weather. 1907.

Hight—Modern theory of physical phenomena, radio-activity, ions and electrons. 1904.

Ward—Some nature biographies; plant, insect, marine, mineral. 1908.

SOCIOLOGY.

Civic reader for new Americans. 1908.

Dinsmore—Teaching a district school; a book for young teachers. 1908.

Dutton & Snedden—The administration of public education in the United States. 1908.

Hinds—American communities and co-operative colonies. 1908.

Shaw—Political problems of American development. 1907.

USEFUL ARTS.

Scott—The psychology of advertising. 1908.

Upson—Insomnia and nerve strain. 1908.

Watt—The art of soap-making. Ed. 7. 1907.

BOOKS ADDED TO REFERENCE DEPARTMENT.

Hart—Manual of American History, diplomacy and government, for class use. 1908.

Marshall—Genealogist's guide. Ed. 2. 1885.

Milton—Prose works; ed. by J. A. St. John. 5 v. 1901-1908.

Parvin & Roche—Back to the days of Abraham.

Woman's Relief Corps. Report and proceedings. 1883-86.

BOOKS ADDED TO CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

Randall—A little journey to Norway and Sweden.

Stoddard—The swordmaker's son.

Whitcomb & George—A little journey to Italy and Spain and Portugal.

FAMOUS HUMORIST INVENTS NEW TOY AND CALLS IT SALAMANDERGUNDI

LOOMIS'S "SALAMANDERGUNDI"

CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

NEW YORK, March 6.—(Special.)—Charles Battell Loomis is the Caran d'Ache of America. When the famous Russian artist was amusing himself with a scroll saw, cutting figures from flat pieces of wood, he never imagined he was to become famous as a maker of wooden figures. Mr. Loomis was equally ignorant of his ability as a carver when he took from the hands of his little son a half-completed figure of an impossible animal which the boy was carving. Young Loomis had cut his finger and he asked his father to finish carving the block of wood. Mr. Loomis took the knife and the piece of wood and entertained the boy, cutting out an animal of extravagant aspect. Then he covered it with what paints happened to be at hand—red and yellow. Someone saw the animal and laughed at it harder than he had ever laughed at one of Mr. Loomis' jokes. As a purveyor of good humor to the world at large Mr. Loomis felt that he could not afford to withhold this sort of merriment, so he had copies of it made in plaster and sent one to the exhibit of the famous Salamagundi Club, of which he is a member. Within 24 hours the salamandergundi, as he had titled the animal, was locally famous. Within a month it will be Nationally famous and Mr. Loomis will be regretting the misspent years which he has devoted to literature instead of sculpture. Already he has had to supply most of the members of the Salmagundi Club with salamandergundis. Accompanying the animal, which is still on exhibition in the Salmagundi Club, is the following verse:

The Salamandergundi.

(Copyright, 1909, by Charles Battell Loomis)

Behold the Salamandergundi!
He came to me one gloomy Monday.
At bringing luck he has a knack;
You grin at him and he'll grin back.
He is no leopard, let me say.
(Changed his spots—but now they'll stay)
This gladsome Salamandergundi
Brings luck right through the week to Sunday.

John Sneed on Domestic Problems

Matrimony's Disillusionment; Kimonos and Uncombed Hair Make Many a Man Wonder Why.

BY CASPER S. YOST.

ON his way downtown the other morning Colonel Sneed stopped at his daughter's house to deliver a lemon pie recipe entrusted to him with some misgivings, by Mrs. Sneed. The front door was ajar, and assuming the prerogative of a father, he entered without ringing the bell.

Young Mrs. Rollins was not expecting a visitor at that hour. Her attire was decidedly negligee. She had evidently slipped into the first thing that came handy when she arose and had deferred until a later and more convenient season most of the essentials of a woman's toilet. It is unnecessary to go into details.

"Good mornin', honey," said the Colonel, as he bent down for the affectionate salutation, and then as his eye took in her deficiencies he exclaimed:

"Why, child what's the matter? Not sick, are you?"

"Oh, no, papa," replied his daughter with a laugh, "I'm all right. But you shouldn't call on a lady so early, daddy dear. I haven't dressed yet."

"Uh, huh; I see," he assented. "Makes an almighty lot o' difference, don't it? Never caught you lookin' that way before you was married. Does—does William—was you wearin' that garb, honey, when he left you this mornin'?"

"Why, of course, papa. I can't dress before breakfast like I was going to a ball, can I? I have to do my housework, and—"

"Yes, I know," interrupted the Colonel, "but—but have you got the habit of goin' around like that?"

"I'm afraid I have, papa. But what is one to do? It takes time for a woman to dress. I have to get breakfast for Will. I can't cook or attend to any housework in my nice clothes, and even if I could it would take me so long to put them on he'd be late to the office. You know I'm without a servant just now, but if I had one I don't see how I could dress for breakfast. Besides, papa, all women go the same way in the morning."

"Yes, honey, I know the argument, but have you ever had your photograph taken in that morning costume?"

"Why, no, papa, of course not."

"And if you had," went on the Colonel, "would you want Bill to put it in a silver frame and sit it up on his desk where he could see it all day?"

"The very idea! I'd like to catch him making a show of me that way."

"Well, little girl, that's about what he does in fact. He carries a photograph of you all the time. It isn't on his desk where other people can see it. It's fixed in a golden frame in his mind and every once in a while through the day it slips around in front of his mind's eyes, and he takes a long look at it. It isn't always the same picture he sees. Most of the time it's you as you would like to be seen, fixed up your prettiest, but sometimes it's you as he saw you last, as you looked when he left you in the morning. You know, dearie, you're mighty apt to remember a person by the appearance at parting, and the oftener Bill carries away with him a vision of breakfasttime dowdiness, the oftener it's goin' to pop into his view during the day, until after a while it's goin' to throw out the other picture entirely.

"Appearances count for a whole lot in this world, and I believe they count for more in a man's feelings towards a woman than in anything else. In nine cases out of ten it's appearances alone that attract a lad and a maid. That's part of the Almighty's scheme for bringing men and women together. Every girl wants to look her best when her beau's comin' around, and that's right; that's nature. Didn't you rig up in the nicest clothes your pa's money could buy for you when Bill was doin' his courtin'? Didn't you prance around before a looking-glass for an hour at a time tryin' to get everything just so, and look your prettiest for him? Of course you did. And he's still carryin' some o' those pictures around in his head; and once in a while he gets them out and wonders why there's such a difference.

"There isn't any real difference, honey. It's just appearances. You haven't lost any good looks since you married. You're just as pretty and as sweet and as good as you were then; maybe a little more so. When you're all fixed up in the evening I have to admit that Mrs. William Jackson Rollins don't play second fiddle to Miss Sallie Sneed. You're all right then, little girl; you're all right now. But appearances have just as much to do with keepin' a man as they have with gettin' him, and the mornin' appearance has more influence than the evenin', for it stays longer; it goes downtown and spends the day with him.

"Now I'm not sayin', my dear, that a woman ought to rig up in her best clothes before breakfast and go through all the funny business of a reception toilet. I don't mean that. Not by a whole heap. That would be no more right than for Bill to go down to work in a full dress suit. There's a time for all things, as Shakespeare or Solomon remarked some time back, but I don't know of any proper time, honey, for dissolute kimonos, untied shoes and unkempt hair. These wrapper things the women have got to wearin' nowadays ought to be prohibited by law, if that would do any good. They were designed, I reckon, for the hours of luxurious ease and for loungin' around in a boudoir. Maybe they ain't so bad. But they wasn't cut out for workin' garbs. They're as much out o' place in the kitchen as a velvet gown. Yet it's got so that half the women in this country fall out o' bed every mornin' into more or less soiled and bedraggled kimonos. I think I'd be willin' to see a war with Japan just to get even with her for this kimono habit. It's a lazy dress, and I tell you, honey, it's downright demoralizin'. That's what it is. It's so easy to get on it makes a woman careless about everything else. Instead o' bein' neat and trim as she ought to be in the mornin', whether she's doin' her work or overseein' it, she gets to lookin' dowdy and slouchy. You can't help it, little girl; it's the influence of the garb. And I'd be willin' to bet a horse against a second-hand burro," and here the Colonel pounded on the arm of his chair with his fist, "that kimonos have had a good deal to do with what they call the matrimonial unrest. A man goes off downtown leavin' his wife lookin' like she's just escaped from a fire sale an' the first thing he puts his eyes on at his office is a stenographer in a clean shirtwaist. If you think he don't notice the difference you're badly mistaken, my dear. Maybe he don't make eyes at the typewriter girl. Maybe his love is so strong it doesn't affect his feelings the least bit, but all the same he notices it. And I wouldn't take the risk, honey. But—my, my"—the Colonel was looking at his watch—"I can't stay here all day preaching to you. I've got to get down to the office. So good-bye, little girl, and—say, I'll be over this evening to see how you look."—(Copyright, 1909, by C. S. Yost.)

Run Rain Run

By Gilbert D. Nesbit

"As the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass."
—Deuteronomy XXXII., 2.

Run, Rain; Run!
Run across the valleys—
Wake the lazy buttercup that somnolently dallies;
Sweep the level meadow floor and make it fair and cleaner;
Carpet it with emerald in newer tints and greener;
Spangle it with jewelings of flowers still a-dreaming—
Dandelions, violets and all the rest a-gleaming.

Run, Rain; Run!
Run among the roses—
Whisper to each little bud till gladly it uncloses;
Pat the petals prettily and satisfy their thirsting
Until into all their wealth of color they are bursting;
Set them nodding up and down, with honey dew a-dripping,
So the chuckling bees may come and find delight in sipping.

Run, Rain; Run!
Over hill and hollow—
Shouting to the flower host to rouse itself and follow;
Scurry down the orchard paths and coax the trees to blooming,
Till the air is heavy with the languorous perfuming;
Wander through the forest ways and bring the leaves a-stirring,
Mingling with the song of birds and squirrels' saucy chirring.

Run, Rain; Run!
Hither, there and yonder—
Paint anew the tawny fields and woodlands as you wander,
Singing to the swaying vines and telling wondrous stories
To the slender columbines and modest morning glories;
Hurry where the flowers wait your touches fraught with freeing—
Here's a Summer world, for you to charm it into being!

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